THE NEW REPUBLIC

Aragon's "Holy Week"

Francois Bondy

He Was a Man of Principle

Impertinax

Organizing Foreign Policy

Charles Burton Marshall

France After de Gaulle

Jean Daniel

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Top Drawer Politicians

★ What is a conservative? Macmillan, 67, meeting this week among the pink sands and white hotels of Bermuda with Kennedy, 44, calls himself a conservative, looks like one with his weary eyebrows, and dresses the part with his grouse-shooting and plus-fours. Yet his support of socialized medicine would crisp the hair of a John Bircher, and his radical notion that it pays to keep on negotiating with what he conceives to be a fast-changing Soviet would strike any US super-patriot as subversive. By international calibration Macmillan is, in many things, well to the left of Kennedy, or at any rate post-election Kennedy.

Each man, of course, is a product of his environment which often uses a common language to mean different things. Britain gives Macmillan the simpler job, he is just political leader whereas Kennedy is that, and a constitutional monarch, too, as awkward a dual role as though the British Queen and the Prime Minister were rolled into one. For all their striking contrast the two leaders are in many respects alike; each is out of the top drawer, each has battled to power, each is sophisticated, aristocratic and coolly self-possessed. More important the two are, like their nations, generally agreed on goals, however they disagree on details.

The two countries are alike in another thing, they have the highest big-power living standard in the world and their rate of growth has been falling behind most other industrial countries, including Russia. The US and UK, in their respective fashions, have been living it up; the other countries have been providently ploughing back more capital into shining new plants and machinery. This problem probably won't have top priority at Bermuda but if recurrent runs on the dollar and pound are to be ended, it will sooner or later have to be faced.

Walker's Convictions

★ Last week the American Farm Bureau Federation, which ought to know better, passed a resolution of regret that Gen. Edwin Walker has been censured "for encouraging and conducting pro-American education." Let us put the matter straight. Walker is the John Bircher who, as part of the political indoctrination of his 24th Infantry Division in Germany, called Truman, Acheson, Eleanor Roosevelt, Sevareid, Murrow and Cronkite either "pinks" or leftists, who declined to divulge the names of other Birchites, and who, rather than answer embarrassing questions took the Army equivalent of the Fifth – Article 31 of the Code which say "no person . . . may compel any person . . . to answer any question the answer to which may tend to incriminate him."

For this General Walker was reprimanded and transferred to a lush post in Hawaii but resigned to battle, as he says, for his convictions. Well, we have watched Walker on TV and feel he has the right to any convictions he wants in private life but that he is not the plumed knight the crackpot right is praying for. Curiously enough we couple this martyr with another man; a man serving a six-year jail term in Lewisburg penitentiary.

Poetry In Prison

★ As Gerald Johnson wrote here recently, Junius Scales is an enemy of society not so much because he was a former Communist in North Carolina – he broke with the Party finally and irrevocably in 1957 over Hungary – but because the inexorable machinery of the Smith Act began grinding against him in 1954 before his own disillusionment, and more particularly because he won't now bare his breast in a Moscow-style recantation and name former friends. "I have no doubt that he could win early release," wrote James Wechsler recently, "if he went through the FBI rites of contrition and indiscriminately 'named names'."

So Scales, the disillusioned ex-Communist who won't tell on his friends, will be in blue prison pants and second-hand prison shoes for six years reading poetry when he can get it, while Walker, who took the Army Fifth, is the stuffed martyr of the Right, free to go and come as he wants and to call any public figure a traitor as he sees fit. Idealists both – ? Yes, I suppose they are; each a man of conviction, each an extremist. One wanted to change society, one to keep it static; judge which is safer.

The Bull Market

★ This is the time when financial writers go into littered cubbyholes, thumb typewriters and bat out pieces on how good things are going to be in the year ahead. Newspapers carry brokers' advertisements, and financial writers are occupational optimists – it is the hazard of their profession. We often wonder about viewpoints of fellow newsmen. Writers on world affairs, for example, tend to pessimism. Any successful Washington pundit must cultivate a fine capacity for despair. Not despair retail, but in wholesale lots. With a little practice one can have just as much fun expecting catastrophe as being cheerful. (We know one man who has been throwing up his arms in horror for 30 years and had a fine time of it. He is a genial chap and nice to his family.)

This all leads to the point that we, contrary to professional financial writers, think the stock market is way too high. It may well go higher, but we suspect someday there will be a reckoning. Disparity today between high stock price averages and low yields is greater than in 1928, the year before the crash. We don't expect another 1929 but the circumstances call for concern. By any normal standard, stocks – safer than bonds – should yield more. Today they don't. When the average price of all industrial Dow-Jones stocks in 1950 was divided by their average return the price-earnings ratio was a modest 7.7; this year the gap is an inflated 24. Even in 1928 the gap was only 19.6. And so a Yuletide greeting to Wall Street.

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Trade Bargains

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In putting forward its new trade program, the Kennedy Administration must pacify two sorts of doubters: those special interest groups in Hamtramck or Sioux City who wonder whether the US could compete successfully within a broad Atlantic trade community embracing the Common Market; and the ambitious elites of Brasilia or Lagos or New Delhi who fear their countries will be squeezed between Communist China and the Soviet bloc on the one hand and the US-Common Market phalanx on the other.

White House attention has initially been given to the coming Congressional debate over the President's expected request next spring for broad new tariff bargaining powers. Mr. Kennedy's NAM and AFL-CIO speeches were the first salvos in what will be a concerted battle to win over domestic public opinion. But in two significant statements during the past week, key officials have gone on to address themselves to listeners in Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Latin America. Testifying before the Joint Economic Committee on December 12, Undersecretary of State George Ball pronounced it as settled policy that the US would not enter into any "exclusive trade arrangements" with Western Europe. On the contrary, "we hope to break down the discriminatory practices of the Common Market for all countries." And in particular, "whatever we gain from bargaining in Europe must also be available to Japan and Latin America." His remarks were reinforced two days later when Peter Jones, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Commerce, disclosed that Sino-Soviet trade with less-developed nations has tripled since 1958 and now runs to an annual volume of $2.3 billion.

The necessity for the US to take an unambiguous stand between those in Europe who are seeking a tightly defensive economic bloc and others looking to a looser but more comprehensive global community of free nations is highlighted by the negotiations between London and the Six over British membership in the Common Market. For when the Market was first set up, the overseas territories of the European member states – mainly French colonies in Africa – were given a special associate status under which they enjoyed substantial tariff preferences in the Common Market over rival producers of tropical products, while retaining the right to protect their own industries against European competition. Part Four of the Rome Treaty which defines the status of such an Associated Overseas Territory must be renewed or revised by the end of next year, and the Six have

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been meeting representatives of the Territories in Paris to discuss their future.

Naturally, the French African states want to preserve their special advantages inside the Common Market and do not want to share them with the African states of the British Commonwealth which are their main competitors. France supports their stand in order to retain her political influence among them. Britain on the other hand has already asked that her African partners be given the same preferential treatment, if they wish it; and that African states like Ghana, which reject association with the Common Market, should receive special consideration in the form either of the right of continued free entry of goods to Britain alone, or the abolition of the Common Market external tariff on their products. If Britain's request is refused such states might leave the Commonwealth, since their exports to Britain vary from 50 percent of their total exports in the case of Nigeria to 82 percent in Mauritius.

West Germany and the Netherlands sympathize with Britain's position. On the whole, however, they would prefer to drop the tariff protection now given the Territories in favor of arrangements for long term economic aid. For they both have important trading interests in parts of the world – notably Latin America and Southeast Asia – which might punish Bonn and the Hague commercially if faced with continuing discrimination by the Common Market.

The US too takes the Dutch and German view, holding much the same conception of a special responsibility with respect to Latin America that Britain does towards the Commonwealth. But though Undersecretary Ball has pressed eloquently in the recent GATT conferences and elsewhere for the world-wide abolition of tariffs on tropical products to help all the less-developed areas, Europe is disinclined to follow his advice so long as the controversy over US trade policy is unresolved. Thus a Common Market decision to cut key tariffs by 20 percent is suspended pending assurance of US reciprocation; and even if the President is successful he will not get the negotiating powers he needs from Congress until at least autumn.

The British are in an awkward position. If the Common Market offered the same protection to the African Commonwealth members as the Terrorities now receive, Britain would gladly accept it. But in this case it would then be in her interest to oppose any moves later made by the US to abolish that hard-won protection in favor of world free trade in tropical products. In this as in other respects, if Britain gets into the Common Market before President Kennedy has the power to negotiate for free trade throughout the free world, she might find herself adopting towards the US the same obstructive attitude now shown by the French towards Britain. If, on the other hand, her negotiations for entry to the Common Market show no real sign of being successful by the middle of next year, she might find it more in her own interest and that of the Commonwealth to concentrate on joining the United States, West Germany and the Netherlands in putting maximum pressure on the Common Market for a liberal trade policy and a low external tariff.

In the long run, the assurance of "reasonable access" to European markets which the US seeks to promote will not suffice to encourage stable economic growth in the developing countries. As a little-noticed recent report published by the Joint Economic Committee has stressed, the industrially advanced powers may in their own long-term interest have to accept a "double standard" in trade relations so long as so many countries are in the first stages of industrialization. "The principle of reciprocity," said a staff study by two University of Oregon economists, "which requires that the United States receive concessions from other countries as a condition for liberalizing our import policies, should not be applied to developing countries."

But this is the great debate of 1970 or 1975. First, Britain and the US and the Six must work out a satisfactory accommodation. And the pace of integration within the Common Market itself may be seriously delayed if, as some are prophesying, the rivalry of farm lobbies in France, West Germany, Italy and the Netherlands disrupts the new round of negotiations scheduled to begin next week in Brussels.

Aggression by India

In most parts of India, the refusal of Portugal to follow the French example and relinquish her colonial enclaves on the Indian subcontinent has been a relatively minor irritant. On and off for the 13 years during which the Nehru Government has made its periodic diplomatic protests and inspired assorted publicity stunts (notably the 1956 march of passive resisters into Goa), the public has shown some concern; but Goa has been a live issue mainly in the nearby city of Bombay. This happens to be where Defense Minister V. K. Krishna Menon, who has forced the issue to a military showdown, faces an uncertain contest for re-election to Parliament in the North Bombay constituency.

Ejection of the Portuguese would give Menon a certain nationalist aura and might serve to relieve some of the frustrations engendered in India by Chinese insolence and minor alleged Pakistan border incursions. There are a variety of other explanations, however, for Mr. Nehru's decision to go ahead with the removal of the Portuguese by force, in addition to his support of Krishna Menon's candidacy and his own obvious desire to divert attention from the China issue. One is pres-

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sure from African nationalists who link Goa with Angola. Another is his hope of keeping the issue out of opposition parties' hands in the election. It would be oversimplifying matters to put too much emphasis on the cash value of the modernized port facilities at Marmagoa or its iron ore and manganese mines (which may soon earn as much as $30 million annually in foreign exchange), but it would be naïve to discount this entirely. Whatever the motivations, the Indian Government will have to pay a high price for its action in international disrepute and in the mockery of critics who can properly point to this instance of disparity in New Delhi between preachment and practice.

Birth of a Nation

Now fully independent, Tanganyika becomes the newest Western hope in Africa. Power has been transferred surprisingly swiftly. Only in 1954, when Julius Nyerere returned home from Edinburgh University, where he received his degree in history and economics, did modern African nationalism reach Tanganyika. Nyerere rapidly welded 8.6 million Africans into a responsive political body and calmed the fears of 20,000 whites and 103,000 Asians. Though an undeviating nationalist, he has appeared reasonable and moderate throughout; his politics were, and are, the politics of possibility. Democratic institutions seem respected, even though there is no significant opposition to Nyerere's dominant Tanganyika African National Union (TANU).

The new nation is poor. Germany, when she occupied it from 1884-1916, was more interested in immediate profit than long-range development. The British, who administered Tanganyika, first as a Mandate under the old League of Nations and then as a Trust Territory under the UN, invested considerable sums in economic projects; but Tanganyika is still mainly dependent upon the vagaries of world demand for sisal, coffee and cotton.

Prime Minister Nyerere has not sought to mislead his constituents; he has assured them that economic progress depends on the coupling of freedom and hard work – *uhuru na kazi*. It depends too on foreign capital. Early this year Mr. Nyerere stormed to London when Britain reneged on a promised developmental loan. Had the money not appeared he would have found it elsewhere; for the Prime Minister of the youngest African nation knows that some of his impatient colleagues would dearly love a good excuse to link arms with Nkrumah and Nasser, and thumb their noses at the West. Partly to placate these younger enthusiasts, Nyerere has already moved to establish diplomatic relations with Peking.

Mindszenty and Kadar

The Hungarian Government has hinted in recent weeks that it would pardon Cardinal Mindszenty if the US were willing to resume normal diplomatic contacts (the skeleton legation in Budapest has only a charge d'affaires). But since normalizing relations in response to a Hungarian governmental initiative would amount to a diplomatic triumph for the Kádár regime, the US can hardly be expected to jump at the opportunity.

Looking to the future, the policy of snubbing Kádár needs to be re-examined. The basic assumption seems to be that American nonrecognition is a kind of moral beacon for Hungarian patriots in the night of national oppression. We hearten them by our aloofness from Kádár; their morale would collapse if we were to establish normal diplomatic and trade relations.

Actually, American recognition or nonrecognition has no such significance in Hungarian eyes. The Hungarians had expected military help from Washington in October, 1956, or failing that, at least a stiff diplomatic protest in Moscow. To believe that Hungarian patriots in 1961 are still looking to America for moral sustenance is self-deception. At this stage, most of them, according to authoritative observers, couldn't care less whether America speaks to Kádár or not. The fact that the US maintains normal relations both with the Soviet Union and with the other satellites (acclaiming Soviet ballerinas, while barring Hungarian performers) completely devalues the boycott as a moral gesture.

Hopes for freedom still are flickering in Hungary, but not because we frown on Kádár. There is great exhilaration in Budapest at Khrushchev's anti-Stalin line. People go so far as to make comparisons between the present goings-on in Moscow and the pre-revolutionary situation in Hungary in the summer of '56 when open denunciation of Stalinism threw the party into disarray. Once more, the Communist "right," Nagy's followers, see the official leadership discredited and themselves vindicated.

Kádár is alarmed at this. In a recent speech, he denounced the "right" for trying to make capital of the latest revelations about Stalin's misdeeds. There can be no amnesty, he said, for those who toppled Stalin's statue: they did it not because Stalin was beastly to the Party, but because they didn't like Communism. The "rightist" danger was such that the Hungarian regime could not go along with all the resolutions of the 22nd Congress; some went too far to be safely applied in Hungary. Kádár, in other words, took a position slightly to the "left" of Khrushchev. His discomfiture suggests that he could at this point use a diplomatic success. Of course, the US is reluctant to give him one. Nonetheless, Washington can take little satisfaction from prolonging its ineffectual boycott.

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Who May Sit Down?

Under the Fourteenth Amendment as construed in the *School Segregation Cases*, no state may segregate facilities which are governmentally-owned or operated. The prohibition extends to administrative and judicial as well as to legislative action, and applies to everything, from schools to golf courses. It even forbade a state to impose a policy of segregation on privately-owned and operated facilities. The Fourteenth does not, however, bar segregation policies voluntarily adopted by individuals or groups on home, business or club premises.

Such private segregation can, however, only remain effective so long as it has the sanction and authority of the local government. To say that the Fourteenth Amendment forbids only segregation by State action and not "private" discriminations is therefore to oversimplify the issue. The question is really which places and activities are *so* private that the state must enforce voluntarily-adopted policies of segregation even though these policies are not in the public interest (just as it enforces other privately-made policies and protects the enjoyment of other personal liberties, even when they are in some respects reprehensible).

Every sit-in case, including the *Garner*, *Briscoe* and *Hoston* cases decided by the Supreme Court last week, raises this question. These three cases concerned peaceful, indeed virtually soundless and motionless, sit-ins at lunch-counters in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. In all three, the Court unanimously reversed the convictions for breach of the peace. It did not, however, enunciate a general principle to guide future sit-in decisions.

A concurring opinion by Mr. Justice Douglas argued that while restaurants are privately-owned and managed, they are still public places, licensed by the state, and may not be segregated.

Mr. Justice Harlan, in another concurrence, analogized peaceful sit-ins to peaceful picketing, and argued that the First Amendment protected sitters-in, like strikers, from indiscriminate police interference. But neither the opinion of the Court written by Chief Justice Warren, nor a concurrence by Mr. Justice Frankfurter, went this far. The majority reversed the convictions on idiosyncratic procedural grounds, without making any explicit statement on the general principles at issue. The Louisiana statute under which these sit-in demonstrators were convicted defines a breach of the peace as (among other things) any act which may "unreasonably disturb or alarm the public." Since there was no specific evidence in the records of these cases that the public was being disturbed or alarmed, the Court reversed the convictions.

Still, no lawyer could fail to see in this ruling an implicit inclination toward, and perhaps even adoption of, the conclusions reached by Justices Douglas and Harlan. Suppose a man had walked into Carnegie Hall, sat in the front row, and refused either to leave or to show the usher a ticket. It is hard to believe the Court would have struck down a law which called this a breach of the peace, just because there was no specific evidence that the public was unreasonably disturbed by his presence. Such evidence was, however, demanded in the sit-in case.

The sit-in problem is new, as is the legal question whether states may permit and abet segregation in privately-operated but quasi-public facilities. One of the Court's oldest deliberate policies is to let such a problem simmer for a while, and to let a mounting number of incidents have a cumulative effect on the judicial mind (as well as on public opinion) before attempting to enunciate a guiding principle. In the meantime, the Court must, as it did last week, try to protect the immediate victims of various incidents, and reflect aloud, as it were, about approaches to an enduring solution.

Subsidizing the Arts

From the picture pages of newspapers and magazines, it is easy to gain the impression that music in America is largely supported by the rich as it once was by princes. But as Secretary Goldberg, announcing the results of his arbitration of the Metropolitan Opera's labor dispute, took the opportunity of saying, it isn't. It is supported mostly by musicians in the form of totally inadequate wages. The problem of "moonlighting" has only in recent years become of concern to industrial management as factory workers have been discovered to have second jobs on the side. But "moonlighting" has been a way of life to serious American musicians for as long as living memory extends. The personal job scheduling built by orchestra members around the orchestra's season of home and tour performances rivals in complexity if not scope the logistics involved in landing a striking force on a hostile shore.

One thing especially is to be hoped for in any possible impending government help for the arts. This is that they will, at long last, be recognized as things good in themselves, things vital to the life of any people. In Mr. Goldberg's list of ways in which several government agencies can help the arts, such recognition is slightly clouded by the notion, quite true, that the arts can offer specific benefits to the government.

Thus, while our government would not turn a finger to help a Gershwin compose a *Porgy and Bess*, it has found ways to send that work touring. Such *quid pro quo* support by statecraft is necessary, but not enough. It is also subject to backfire, as witness the report that what Latin Americans really want from us, culturally, is the circus at popular, subsidized prices.

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EVERYTHING WILL BEGIN WITH THE END OF THE WAR

France After General de Gaulle

Paris

"If the West dies, it will be a strange sort of death, because it will die on its feet, in its full vigor." The distinguished writer André Malraux said this to me just before he became the Minister of Cultural Affairs for General de Gaulle. It is a thought that applies to France at this moment, to the letter.

National income has gone up markedly; unemployment has disappeared; employers wrangle with the workers while at the same time raising their salaries. Undoubtedly life is hard for many, particularly the underlings in the civil service and the peasants. Doubtless too there are crying injustices in the allotment of new housing; there is a crisis in education, a scarcity of school facilities that is the most serious ever known in France because of the increase in population and the drift toward the cities. And there are the occasional strikes. Yet in spite of all this, one must report an expanding economy, a dynamic commercial and industrial rebirth and prosperity in small business.

There would seem, therefore, to be good reason for satisfaction, even rejoicing. In the arts and sciences, in technical fields and in sports one senses the beginning of a renaissance. This not only in Paris but in Marseilles, Grenoble, Lyon, Rennes. Plans pile up on top of plans; cities are growing; bridges, tunnels, undergrounds are being constructed in every province.

And the French have rarely felt so menaced.

It is not the prospect of nuclear destruction that bothers them most. It is that no one knows who will be governing France in 1962. Anything could happen: de Gaulle could grow weary, die a natural death, be assassinated or overthrown by a coalition of his opponents who are in tacit agreement on getting rid of the Fifth Republic but who would in all likelihood tear each other apart once this had been accomplished.

The idea has spread in France that the succession can only take place after a transition that is chaotic and perhaps bloody. The spectre of a civil war or of a *putsch* has reappeared with disquieting force. Of course, and we shall come to that a bit later, the origin of this disquiet is Algeria. But the terms of the problem have changed. One used to say: "All this will be settled once the Algerian war is over." Now one says that everything will begin with the end of that war.

That is why the man in the street who was most fascinated by General de Gaulle six months ago has begun to understand better certain things that the newspapers have been telling him: to understand, for example, that Kennedy, Macmillan and also Adenauer are intimidated by de Gaulle and do not know how to go about negotiating with the Russians without his consent. They are amazed. France, seen from Paris at least, seems so weak, so menaced, so unstable. Yet it is regarded by foreigners as having enhanced prestige.

As to Algeria, seven years of war have immunized the French against the atrocities, tortures, collective repressions, killings (European as well as Arab), fire bombs, concentration camps (even in the center of Paris), the thousands and thousands of Arabs hungry and frozen. Each person, within himself, tries to evade these. The socialist worker tells himself that he will not any longer fight with enthusiasm for an independent Algeria that may end up Communist like Cuba, and perhaps even Stalinist. Each has his alibi, his rationale, his pretext for not looking too closely at this cancer. And now the war has been transported to France itself. It was brought first by an Army which was confused, torn, sick. It is carried forward by the young who have returned from Algeria. They are a little like those who returned from Korea, those who witnessed horrors, participated in them, and who are incapable of adapting themselves to civilian life.

As 1961 was drawing to a close, Jean Paul Sartre published a tragic and ringing warning. It is addressed primarily to France, but perhaps it will be heard by the entire West. Sartre says that the phenomenon of "*d'involution*" (the reverse process of evolution) is about to begin. That is to say, according to Sartre, that all the contradictions that were born in the violences of the colonial system and of the colonial wars infect those at home with the very viruses they have spread among those who have been colonized. The accusation is not pleasant but it is profound. In every way, France is more and more infected by Algeria; and the secret army organization led by former General Salan benefits.

No, decidedly, no one can predict what will happen in France in 1962; not the parents who go with their children to admire the extraordinary Christmas windows of the great department stores, not the beatniks who riot in "les salles de spectacle" while listening to rock and roll; and not the literary luminaries who swarm like eager candidates, snarling and buzzing over the question of who will succeed de Gaulle.

JEAN DANIEL

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THE TIRED TORIES DRIFT FROM YES TO NO TO MAYBE

The Katanga Fumble

London

The blackest headlines in the blackest week for the Tory government since Suez were in *The Daily Mirror*. "Who is running the country anyway?" the *Mirror* asked, and four million households were left in no doubt that it could only be Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland. But to blame the government's Katanga fumble on Sir Roy is almost too charitable. Staunch Tory backbenchers have been getting up in the House of Commons to stutter in bewilderment that no one is running the country. The government's economic policy, symbolised by Selwyn Lloyd's "pay pause," has been drifting for months towards renewed wage inflation next year; the cabinet has not been in control since its wishes were openly flouted by the nationalised electricity industry in November. And the prolonged debates on the highly controversial bill to check immigration from the colored Commonwealth have seen a tired Rab Butler harried into placating his own backbenchers by promising to keep the white Southern Irish out as well. "This government," a liberal Tory admitted dazedly, "just rapes easy."

The true Katanga lobby among the Tory irreconcilables is ludicrously small: it commands less than a dozen votes in the Commons. Its direct economic interest in Tshombe's mines is unimportant. But Lord Hinchingbrooke and Mr. Turton speak the language that a majority of Tories are not inclined to shout down for U Thant's or Conor Cruise O'Brien's sake. There has been no love among the bulk of the party for the United Nations since Suez or for the "wind of change" since it blew into Kenya and Sir Roy's Federation. The right wing's urging against the use of force to end gallant little Tshombe's independence have gone down well with the baronets and brigadiers and even penetrated to the liberal Lord Balniel, whose principles have not hitherto been undermined by the fact that he is Lord Salisbury's nephew. The middle ranks of the party too are now restless.

It is the collapse of authority at the top, even if only momentary, that has done the real damage. The UN's deliberate probing of the government by asking for bombs for the Indian Canberra aircraft in the Congo caught the Macmillan method of government with its guard down. First it said yes, then it said no, then the UN withdrew its request. The top of the cabinet is tired (Macmillan and Butler have both been in office for over a decade): it managed to pass off the last Katanga crisis, in September, largely because the House of Commons was not in session. It has known very little of the realities of the Congo situation for some time and has therefore accepted too easily the claims that Katanga was stable and that Tshombe would eventually negotiate with Leopoldville if only the UN kept out of things. So long as the UN's prestige was not directly involved this policy at least had a logic about it. The danger of Gizenga's province splitting off under Russian protection if Tshombe were allowed to do so was not taken too gravely. Macmillan has never read the Foreign Office telegrams as Churchill and Eden constantly did: When he wanted a good brief in the past he got a neutral précis from Selwyn Lloyd. But the new Foreign Secretary, Lord Home, with a mannered contempt for UN officials like O'Brien, has contrived to give a temper to British policy in a way that Lloyd never sought to do. This helped to accentuate the drift towards non-cooperation with the UN: its first fruit was the reluctance to help the transit of Ethiopian air cover that the UN troops (and Hammarskjöld's plane) needed in September.

Welensky's influence is an uncertain quantity. He was in London in the fall doing a salesman's job for the Federation. The cabinet could not help him too far in preventing a black government in Northern Rhodesia, but saw no reason to quarrel with him over Katanga as well. The Congo, after all, was the UN's pigeon, and the black politicians in the Federation have been chiefly concerned with their own problems. The impression is that the government has been steadily gulled and lulled into trusting Tshombe too much and the UN too little. It has now rationalised its indifference and its earlier lapses into a full-blown principle of non-intervention. It can always squash the visible Katanga lobby, but it has been too lethargic in past months to do other than buy off the bulk of the Conservative party with a ceasefire proposal. The cabinet is not unduly worried about Suez-like reactions in New York; its chief concern is whether anyone in Washington is piecing together a complicated jigsaw of colonialist prevarication in Katanga, foot-dragging in the defense of Europe, sales of aircraft to Communist China and voting for Peking in the UN, into something meaningful for the Kennedy-Macmillan pre-Christmas rendevous at Bermuda.

ALASTAIR BURNET

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"What Eichmann Started, We'll Finish"

American anti-Semitism usually means social slights – exclusion from the "best" neighborhoods, the "best" clubs, the "best" schools. These are small humiliations which leave the proud or the wise unscarred. This Christmas, however, many Catholics and a few Protestants in Hamden, Connecticut, have fanned bitterer passions one might have thought extinct. Commemorating the 20th anniversary of Belsen, they revived aggressive intimidation of Jews so familiar in Europe a generation ago.

Last November 10 the Jewish Community Council of New Haven tried to upset a long established and unwritten truce between popular prejudice and constitutional guarantees by asking school boards in the New Haven area, in the name of the Bill of Rights, to forbid religious ceremonies in the schools even at Christmas. The Council argued that it was not enough to have "separate but equal" observance in the schools of the Jewish festival of *Hanukkah*. They wanted all religious observance confined to homes, churches, and synagogues. It is reported that the Council objected not only to Jewish children being pressured into participation in Nativity Pageants; it also felt that the kind of celebrations that take place in secular schools are often a travesty, dulling the religious sensibilities of impressionable children.

On November 15 the Superintendent of Schools in Hamden, a not unfashionable suburb of New Haven, drafted a memo to school principals which, while sanctioning Christmas carols, urged that Hamden schools exclude "religious motifs" from their celebrations, and "confine observance primarily for holiday aspects." It also expressed concern at the disruption of studies by elaborate Christmas fiestas, and suggested that Christmas festivities should not be allowed to disrupt the regular school day, and that the making of decorations should be kept to a minimum and not substituted for the regular program of art education.

At this point somebody appears to have fumbled, for the superintendent's memo was not circulated for more than two weeks after the date of its formulation. It reached the schools at the beginning of December. By that time, Christmas decorations had been made and hung, Christmas pageants planned and rehearsed. Teachers had to cancel their plans, and many broke the news to their students without any attempt to conceal their irritation with the Superintendent and the Jewish Community Council who had inconvenienced them. A local Catholic priest also delivered a bitter attack on the change of policy.

A wave of hysteria swept Hamden High School, which irate teachers did little to roll back. Students (admittedly an unreliable source of information under the circumstances) reported signs on blackboards like "What Eichmann started, we'll finish." The school was painted one night with swastikas. One prominent Jewish student reported being threatened by a group of Catholic classmates and forced to sing a Christmas carol. Menacing notes were slipped into Jewish students' lockers. Some who walked home with Jewish students were verbally abused.

By December 5, there was talk among adults of organizing a boycott of Jewish stores. When the school board held its regular meeting, open to the public, about 500 Hamden citizens, most of them Roman Catholic, crammed the school auditorium and demanded an "explanation," by which they seemed to mean dismissal of the Superintendent and reversal of his policy. When a Protestant clergyman appealed for a more temperate spirit, he was shouted down in a crescendo of obscenities. At one point the mob attempted to impose its will by violence, whereupon the police intervened, keeping a semblance of order until the school board finally agreed to back down – though not to fire Superintendent David Wyllie. A Jewish observer said, "The only thing I've ever seen like it since I left Germany was once at a White Citizens Council meeting in Alabama."

Hamden is not an atypical New England town. It has a substantial minority of old Yankee families, many associated in one way or another with Yale; another substantial minority of Jewish families; and a majority, though not an overwhelming one, of Catholics – many of whom are second generation Italian-Americans.

How many Hamdens are there? And what does this Christmas story say to the Jews? Does it behoove them to speak softly and tread lightly everywhere? Fortunately, they never learn! A group in Meriden is now agitating to eliminate the Lord's Prayer from public school ceremonies.

Christopher Jencks

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Pride and Prejudice

Sir Charles Snow's mother – the knighthood slightly disguises C. P. Snow, the British scientist-novelist-philosopher – as introduced recently by her son, made a great impression on at least one superficial observer. The introduction was performed in *Look*, the slick-paper magazine now ingeniously, not to say ingenuously, offering what it calls a "reader-bonus" in the shape of at least one intelligent article in each issue. Sir Charles supplies the bonus in the number dated December 19 with an essay discussing seven delusions currently cherished by the English-speaking peoples. The seven have ruined the British and, in the essayist's opinion may soon ruin the Americans.

Of these delusions, the chief, because it is the basis of the others, is the delusion that the white race attained its recent dominance of the world by virtue of definite biological superiority, rather than by a conjunction of historical accidents such as had happened before and probably will happen again to some breed of a different coloration. Enter, then, the lady. Sir Charles' mother, according to her son, was not what a philosopher-scientist would call educated, but she was intelligent; yet it was her unalterable conviction that the more valuable human attributes were largely monopolized by white Protestants of Anglo-Saxon derivation and usually with blue eyes.

The reason for this aberration was simply that she was born and spent most of her life in rural England, where she rarely encountered any other type. Rationally, she knew that the word "man" applied to other types but she could never quite believe that it applied completely, just as a boy familiar with coon-dogs, in manhood finds it hard to believe that a Pekinese or a toy poodle is in fact a dog.

The deep impressions made by this picture of Sir Charles' mother is due, of course, to its familiarity. Every American has encountered this mentality – xenophobia attended by the most obvious innocence. It accounts for a phenomenon observed by Southerners with mingled wrath and amusement, the very common case of an extreme, even violent, protagonist of social equality who nevertheless shrinks from shaking hands with a perfectly respectable, perhaps distinguished Negro. The natural impulse of Southerners is to attribute this to hypocrisy, although it is probably due to inexperience comparable to that of Mrs. Snow. The universality of this trait – it is infra-human, as witness the prophet Jeremiah's observation that when a speckled bird appears "the birds round about are against her" – is discouraging to the faint-hearted among those who hope to see a more rational order of human relations. But the trait itself, the innate suspicion of the deviate, is not the "death in the pot." The real poison is the employment of this trait as a basis and justification for oppression of the different. This is not innate. It is an acquired character and can be controlled as certainly as the impulse to murder can be controlled by a man whose explosive temper is ineradicable. The process of control, however, is not advanced by attributing moral turpitude to such a misconception as Mrs. Snow's belief that the standard of humanity is an Englishman.

There is no doubt that the position of the black minority in this country has been immensely improved within the past seven years. First credit for that improvement must be given to Negro courage, resolution and energy. But they were equipped with a superior weapon which they have used as boldly and skillfully as King Henry's men used the long-bow. It is, however, an intangible thing, hence it is frequently ignored. This weapon was the slowly developing political maturity – if you want to be idealistic, call it the conscience – of the white majority. The policy of racial segregation has been irremediably broken, not by fire and steel, but by a sheet of paper imprinted with an order of the Supreme Court of the United States. That writ runs because it accords with the sense of justice of a majority of Americans.

If you deny that an element of that sense of justice was race pride, you must concede that a man without pride is capable of being just, which controverts all human experience. To look for justice from a grovelling sycophant is as irrational as to expect to gather figs from thistles. It is the proud man who scorns to deny his due to any other man.

To be sure, excess turns any virtue into its opposite, and excessive pride soon runs into brutal arrogance. Specifically, race pride carried to excess becomes Ku Kluxism with all its accompaniment of stupid bestiality. But to assume, as some loud-voiced extremists are doing every day, that it is necessary to eradicate pride of race to establish justice is to argue backwards.

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He Was a Man of Principle

by Impertinax

Headline, New York Times, *September 10, 1962:*

GENERAL WALKER SEIZES CAPITAL;
TANKS CIRCLE THE WHITE HOUSE;
NEW JUNTA PROMISES ELECTIONS

From a "Letter from Washington," The New Yorker, *September 22, 1962.*

Even in this blasé capital, there were some eyebrows raised by the whirligig of events that have made Major General Edwin A. Walker the provisional President of the United States until – or so his aides inform us – new elections are held in 18 months. That the army had become increasingly involved in the perturbations of politics had been known. Still, the ease with which General Walker seized the levers of state was entirely unexpected.

Congress had adjourned only several days earlier. Few of the legislators were around town on the otherwise calm Sunday when a fleet of Sherman tanks surrounded the White House, while other military units took over the city's television and radio stations. The President was at church (some of the General's supporters confessed distaste at a coup on the Sabbath), and by the time he had left his pew this crisp, if woodenly-phrased, announcement could be heard on the air:

"Attention! Citizens of the United States! In order to restore republican government to our beloved country, a group of patriotic soldiers has assumed the grave burdens of state. We appeal for calm. We pledge to reassert the noble principles enshrined in our Constitution, with justice under God. The hour of liberty has struck!"

In the ensuing confusion, the President and his family drove to the White House but were barred from entering the grounds by troops with fixed bayonets. He, his wife and children sought asylum in the Mexican Embassy. Members of his cabinet took flight, many heading for the Dominican Republic, where the newly-elected government said it would welcome democratic exiles. There was remarkably little bloodshed.

Now attention centers on General Walker's skill as a cabinet carpenter. But despite a buzz of rumors around the General's temporary headquarters in a *chic* row house in Georgetown, as of this writing no hard news has emerged.

From the Washington Daily News, *Sept. 24, 1962:*

JUNTA NAMES CABINET
J. EDGAR TO STAY ON

Washington, UPI – Provisional President Walker told his news conference today that his new regime would be both bipartisan and moderate while taking "the red out of the red, white and blue."

The General, wearing civilian clothes, lashed out at his foes, served stern warning that the "age of sloth and socialism is over."

He opened his press conference with this announcement: "I am happy to report, ladies and gentlemen, that Mr. J. Edgar Hoover has agreed to stay on in his post as Director of the FBI."

Other appointments announced were:

Secretary of State: General Douglas MacArthur; Secretary of Treasury: Senator Harry F. Byrd (D, Va.); Secretary of Defense: Senator Strom Thurmond (D, SC); Interior: Texas oilman H. L. Hunt; Attorney General: Investigator Roy M. Cohn; Labor: Ex-Teamster chief David Beck; Health, Education and Welfare: Senator Barry M. Goldwater (R, Ariz.); Commerce: Industrialist Sewell Avery.

BULLETIN

White House Press Secretary Ralph de Toledano announced that General Robert Wood will replace the late Sewell Avery as Secretary of Commerce.

He also listed these new members of the Old Frontier team: Robert Welch, head of the John Birch Society, will become chairman of SACB (Subversive Activities Control Board), while T. Coleman Andrews has agreed to return to his former post of Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

De Toledano said that PFC G. David Schine (USA-ret.) has assumed duties as Secretary of the Army. Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker will serve as Air Secretary. James O. Eastland has resigned from the Senate to head up the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department. Former Gov. J. Bracken Lee of Utah will be Ambassador to the United Nations.

Appearing with de Toledano was William F. Buck-

IMPERTINAX *is the pseudonym of two Washington newspapermen who found the following sheaf of clippings in the foyer of a Latin American Embassy, where they had been dropped by mistake.*

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ley, Jr., who has assumed the duties once held by Harvard Historian Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Buckley said no final decision has been made on appointing Commentator Fulton Lewis, Jr. as director of the United States Information Service.

Column by Walter Lippmann, in the Washington Post, *September 30, 1962:*

There will be grave misgivings about the first moves the provisional government has taken in foreign affairs. I venture to say that General Walker has acted rashly in violating one of the cardinal rules of diplomacy. This is that a great power must act like a great power. It must face reality. In withdrawing diplomatic recognition from all but six countries (Spain, Portugal, South Africa, Formosa, Nicaragua and Paraguay), the new government has allowed its emotions to master its common sense.

It is also disquieting that General Walker has allowed the Daughters of the American Revolution to take possession of the United Nations building in New York as a new headquarters. For while it is of course true that the DAR's present quarters in Constitution Hall will serve adequately to house a diminished UN of seven nations, it would not be right to think that the DAR can meet happily in their new surroundings.

Additionally, in yielding to the demand that each of the 50 states in this country be allowed to handle its own foreign affairs, the General has been stampeded into an imprudent decision. A period of confusion is bound to follow.

Column by David Lawrence, in the Washington Star, *October 1, 1962:*

The extremists of the ultra-Liberal camp can be counted on to make their usual shrill protests about the impressive monetary reform launched by General Walker. Fortunately for the republic they no longer enjoy the commanding position they once had in our press and universities. It is refreshing to see the motto of fiscal responsibility posted on the banners of state.

We are now back on the gold standard, and President Walker has shown himself an adroit politician by coupling this basic reform with two symbolic gestures. All Franklin Roosevelt dimes are to be recalled, thus at last eliminating the indignity of propaganda on the coin of the realm. In line with the general downgrading of Thomas Jefferson, the President is said to be considering the same remedy for nickels. In my opinion, this is necessary.

Now the country can look forward to the new gold-backed dollars which Mr. Harold Gray is designing. Surely Mr. Gray will blend the soundness of his style with the soundness of the currency and produce a design of which Daddy Warbucks and the rest of us will approve.

Column by Drew Pearson in the Washington Post, October 6, 1962:

It may be denied but General Walker is having trouble with his own anti-party group on the hard, hard, hard, hard Right. They are bluntly critical of his decision to pack the Supreme Court and say the High Bench should be liquidated completely.

Behind closed doors at the White House, this angry discussion took place between Walker, SACB Czar Robert Welch, USIA Boss Fulton Lewis, Jr., and HEW Secretary Goldwater.

Walker: Bob, we've gone far enough. Orval Faubus will do a great job of cleaning up the Court when he takes over as Chief Justice.

Welch: Let's not be sentimental. Ed, you know damn well what happens. Those fellows take the oath and then try to please that law school crowd.

Lewis: Junk it altogether, Ed. We've got state courts to do the job.

Goldwater: Fulton, let's be realistic on this one. Do we want to look like extremists? Remember, in 1892, the Court threw out the Federal Income Tax. I say let's build on the past and not destroy it.

NOTE: The key man in the court move is George Sokolsky, the columnist, who is trying to win agreement backstage on a reformed court in which all opinions would have to be approved by three-fourths of the state legislatures.

From Time, *November 1, 1962:* USA, Inc.

In Washington, they already call it The Day of Decrees. It began at 2:05 p.m. on a sun-spangled patch of White House lawn. Suddenly, a plume of clouds towered up into the sparkling fall sky and blades of light knifed through, forming a familiar symbol. Gasped one TV newsman, as cameras dollied into position, "God, look at it! It's a dollar sign!"

Brisk, blunt Maj. Gen. Edwin A. (for Americanism) Walker strode to the makeshift podium, arm-in-arm with Old Friend and SACB head Robert Welch. As Walker, 52, intoned the Pledge of Allegiance, keen-earred onlookers caught a hint of what was to come: ". . . one nation, *incorporated*, under God, with liberty and justice for all."

With military punctillio, Walker droned through the sheaf of decrees, smiling only once as Social Security Director Vivien Kellems lost control of an outsize, feather-garnished hat. When observers totted up the decrees, their final balance was this:

– The US is henceforth a limited stock corporation in which voting rights will be weighted by ownership.

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– Government assets (post office, parks, CIA, etc.) are to be auctioned off under direction of a capital issues committee.

– Voting stock will be restricted to citizens whose forebears arrived in this country before 1810, and the President will be named by a national Board of Directors of USA, Inc.

As Walker finished, the clouds scudded away and the sun gleamed through. Was this a portent? Washington was not sure. A picnic followed on the lawn (menu: baked clams, corn, American cheese and root beer), with Walker sharing the head table with novelist Ayn Rand *(Fountainhead, Atlas Shrugged)*. So ended the Day of Decrees.

From the Wall Street Journal, *November 17, 1962:*

REDS ARE REPORTED
BUYING US STOCK

Moscow – Sources close to the Kremlin indicated today that Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev is studying a plan whereby the Russian state could acquire shares in USA, Inc. It would take an estimated $314 billion to win majority control. Under the incorporation laws decreed by President Walker it would be legal for purchases to be made through a United States citizen eligible to vote. Moscow is swarming with speculators anxious to bring the bear into the bull market.

Informants say Khrushchev is especially interested in acquiring a balanced portfolio of Defend the US, Inc. (formerly the Defense Department) and Intelligence, Ltd. (formerly the CIA). Rumors buoyed up prices in both companies.

From the New York Daily News, *December 24, 1962:*

KAYO BY MR. K!
KHRUSH MAKES IT,
DUE HERE MONDAY

Washington, Dec. 24 – At 4:16 a.m. this morning, Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev achieved the needed margin to give him majority control of USA, Inc.

President Walker urged the country to be calm, adding: "I know I will be under tremendous pressure from the radicals to intervene – the same crowd that always tries to get us in the Red. But I do not intend to dishonor the principles of private property and republican government.

"Chairman of the Board Khrushchev has assured me that he will also respect the rights of property that he has legally acquired. I am sure he will do that.

"Whatever happens, we can derive comfort from the fact that America was not destroyed by the enemies within."

Asked about his plans, Walker said he had been thinking about joining a candy manufacturing firm, following an extended vacation in Paraguay.

Organizing Our Foreign Policy

by Charles Burton Marshall

Just a year ago a new and young President was taking over the chief magistracy on a basis of his experience with public organization in the Legislative Branch and in the conduct of political campaigns.

These two ranges of experience are very different from that of the Presidency. Their patterns of relationships and identities are largely personal rather than institutional. A Representative's or a Senator's staff is explicitly his very own, and a candidate's organization is consciously dedicated to his personal cause, but a Chief Executive must exercise ascendancy over a huge array of departments and agencies having autonomous existence and habits of their own and manned largely by functionaries disposed to think of themselves as public servants with duties and problems unrelated to the fortunes or personality of any particular President.

How would the incoming President respond to requirements of leadership in organizational patterns different from those known to his past? It was a relevant question even in respect to foreign affairs. There the constitutional scope of Executive prerogative and there-

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CHARLES BURTON MARSHALL, *a member of the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department from 1950-53, is now associated with the Washington Center of Foreign Policy Research. This article is an adaptation of remarks made at the meeting of the Washington Chapter of the American Political Science Association earlier this month.*

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fore the opportunity for Presidential initiatives are exceptional. On the other hand, the character and limits of action are largely governed by circumstances beyond reach of a President's personal fiat simply because of being beyond the national jurisdiction altogether.

One sought for clues among the novel and striking phenomena of the time.

A Congressional Presidency?

There was, for example, the dramatic roll of names announced one by one for high level posts in foreign affairs, sometimes in puzzling order, as when an Assistant Secretary and an Undersecretary of State and our Representative at the UN were heralded before the filling of the supposed top spot at the foreign office. I recall watching one after another blowing frosty breath and looking modest for TV in front of a Georgetown door while being announced as designate for a post in foreign policy second to none in importance. Many others, not vouchsafed this precise formula of significance, were promised enhanced roles. Altogether, an array of foreign policy officials approaching platoon strength got pledges of aggrandizement of status – much as if ascendancy in the Executive hierarchy could be lavished around like encomiums among a personal staff. On the face of matters, the total amount of importance around Washington, in New York, and in missions abroad seemed headed for a quantum jump.

Another phenomenon was the proliferation of pre-inaugural task forces – extraordinary experiments in policy preparation, consisting of getting together a bunch of folks, outside of the Executive establishment and without access to the cables, to churn through ideas of huge number and variety in hope of somehow achieving a focus on the external world and discovering and defining our national will with respect to it in ways freshly different from antecedent policies.

Still another was the great burning of midnight oil after the takeover. The ponderous bureaucracy was getting cranked up reportedly to produce prodigies. High officials in the line of foreign policy were working exacting stretches day after day, night after night, taking occasional time out for brief appearances at receptions or dinners to display their hollow eyes as badges for heroic hours at desks and in conference – and then back to the grind. The President himself was reportedly setting the ruthless pace – delving into the cables, telephoning direct to mid-level servants at State, raising exigent questions at all hours, and dropping in unannounced at departmental meetings. Celerity was the watchword, and the joint was jumping – for a while.

These were ephemeral marks of an Administration just being formed, striving to find its character and display it impressively. One may ask – without answering – Little Peterkin's question: "And what good came of it all, at last?" It is enough that probably no appreciable harm resulted, though shorter hours might conceivably have permitted clearer heads for such early tests as Cuba.

The early bounce, dash and audacity have slackened somewhat. Lately the emphasis from on high has been on the contingent nature of foreign policy, the relativeness and even the meagerness of its successes, the usualness of frustration, and the wisdom of not expecting to have one's way too much of the time in external affairs. Here, too, celerity may be a factor, for this Administration has arrived at this refuge relatively far sooner than the predecessor. One trusts this is a sign of quickening wisdom rather than of premature fatigue.

Yet the new restraint should not be carried too far. Appealing against expectations of perfection, one of the State Department's hierarchs recently urged us to regard a 90 percent performance in this field as good enough and to overlook the 10 percent shortcoming. The ratio astounded me, but I waive argument about it. Even if the ratio is right, the point about adequacy is not universally persuasive. Nine tricks on a four-spade bid is a set. Nine yards in four downs is not enough to keep possession of the ball. Covering 90 percent of your bills and ignoring the rest will send your credit plummeting. A series of 90 percents may indeed mark a descent toward total frustration; for a nation's foreign policy unfolds in a progression of events, with ends achieved in one phase becoming means for successive phases so that the degree of success at one juncture in part governs opportunity for subsequent achievement. A short form of the idea is that nothing succeeds like success. Machiavelli expressed it in the maxim: *Vincere fu sempre molto ammirato* – winning was always much admired. Still another version is that "almost" counts only in horseshoes.

Yet one must grant a point regarding the obdurate unsatisfactoriness of the foreign situation, made all the worse by a disposition to let things drag along in the preceding Administration – a situation, in sum, such as would make it difficult for even the most excellently conceived organization to appear resplendent in the measure of results. One should temper critical spirit by heed to Edmund Burke's injunction to "approach to the faults of the states as to the wounds of a father, with pious awe, and trembling solicitude" and by awareness of this one as being the only Administration we have or shall have for three or, in high probability, even seven years – so that its shortcomings, if deplorably there are such, should not be exploited or mocked, and that reform should be encouraged.

In seeking to examine the more enduring organiza-

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tional novelties along the New Frontier one first must ask: who really did get the enhanced roles in foreign policy? The answer coming to mind at once is: The President's immediate staff at the White House, the President's brother at the Department of Justice, and our Representative at the UN – for whom a further increment of prestige was only recently earmarked. A more searching examination produces a simpler answer: the President really got the enhanced role. The other apparent enhancements are derivative from the central circumstance – the extent and the character of the President's effort to be, in well-worn words, his own Secretary of State. This underlies the situation which has given rise to waggish suggestions for the Secretary of State to adopt as a motto of office the national slogan, *E pluribus unum* – one of many.

What is apparent is that the President finds it more congenial to rely, as he can, on assistance by his own staff. Coupled with this is apparently a disposition – again presumably derived from long experience at the Capitol – to regard departments and agencies of the Executive Branch not simply as instruments but also in a measure as adversary forces, faintly and figuratively alien. At least in foreign affairs, the Presidential establishment thus seems to cap the Executive Branch in a new sort of way, as a kind of fourth branch of government exercising authority not only *through* but indeed to some extent *against* the echelons below.

Appraisal for an outsider in these matters is difficult, because of discrepancies between what is publicly affirmed and what is privately confided. The version of departmental people differs, moreover, from that of members of the White House staff. Granting even a fraction of truth to allegations by departmental people, one must conclude that the staff at the apex interposes not only in channeling, expediting and sorting but indeed in originating, rectifying and diverting matters for decision to the extent of sometimes duplicating and other times preempting functions hitherto regarded as departmental.

The State Department Under Kennedy

State has been getting its lumps – perhaps in some degree deservedly – for slowness and negativeness. Yet speed is not always the pace of prudence. Twenty-four-hour deadlines for responses to questions of many facets and much subtlety may only foreclose the consideration necessary for producing right answers. There can be too much emphasis on the positive. In prescribing the Commandments the Lord was not averse to being negative seven out of ten times. Blocking a mistake or correcting a superior's misconceptions may often be more valuable than merely being submissively agreeable. To regard the Executive structure in foreign affairs as designed to be wholly compliant to directive and to be remiss in airing its doubts and taking time – and to try to use it as messenger and servitor in foreign policy, in derogation of its potential as a source of insights and admonitory wisdom – is to miss some of the main reasons for having a foreign office.

The relevant effects of the December 3 changes in cast at State – described by the President as a move in "better matching of the men with their responsibilities" – are still a matter of conjecture. Some call the event Bloody Sunday. Others, denying any slaughterous aspect, describe it as a gathering of some of the friskier lambs into the proper fold under the proper shepherd's eye. According to others, never before has a Secretary of State had so many subordinates for all practical purposes beyond his power to remove. "It doubled the number who can talk to papa without first talking to mama," is how one bureaucrat acquaintance expressed the thought.

Of the staff at the apex, a principal characteristic is an extraordinary preponderance of academic men – writers and professors, honorable professions both, but still professions preoccupied with words, prone to regard verbalizing as completed action. One recalls Burke's words regarding men once elevated in France: "Among them, indeed, I saw some of known rank; some of shining talents; but of any practical experience in the state, not one man was to be found. The best were only men of theory." One recalls and wonders what became of the attribute – "a passion for anonymity" – enunciated a generation ago in connection with the orginal undertaking to provide adequate staff resources for the White House.

It would be interesting to know for sure, if we could, what connection there may be between the cited characteristic and an almost immoderate success achieved in verbalizing on the New Frontier, with a result of producing an appreciable gap between declaratory and efficient intentions. There may be some connection also with an unfortunate tendency toward what John Hay once described as the practice of shaking first a fist and then a finger.

A certain disorderliness of administration and organization inheres in all this – not necessary to allege because it has been conceded. A philosophy of creative confusion was voiced in a Presidential press conference last spring. Creation had always been associated with chaos, and so assertedly chaos was linked with creation. The evident *non sequitur* recalls a girl – in a Mary Roberts Rinehart story, I think – who declared herself artistic because like an artist she kept her room in a muss. As *Genesis* tells us, chaos is the situation on which creation acts but is not itself creative. I wonder whether the helter-skelter theory of creativity bears any more validity than its opposite – the humdrum,

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neat notion of creativity entertained by the preceding Administration.

The theory of creative disorder reflects preoccupation with alleged secrets of FDR's Presidential successes, encouraged by Richard Neustadt's highly interesting book on the uses of Presidential power. Yet one must recall that FDR's ventures in foreign policy were not unexceptionably successful, and that some of the shakier episodes bore a relation to overlapping assignments and duplicating authority. I wonder in general whether such successes as he achieved as President came despite rather than through his penchant – perhaps his weakness – for topsy-turvy organization.

Toward a Hierarchy of Objectives

A relevant lingering characteristic of the scene is an energetic sort of empiricism – devotion to day-to-day concerns, a merging of high policy and trouble-shooting, so that the moment's major exigency tends to be a function of the moment's pressures. They call it the pragmatic approach. The continuously evident high level of activity is not necessarily a sign of a lot being done. The bustle may sometimes signify that a great many are pressing into the act of the moment, and that much time at levels of primary authority is being spent on secondary concerns. A State Department man expressed the thought to me the other day: "Never before have desk officers' problems been so thoroughly attended to – all the way up."

A clear ordering of importance among goals is as essential as an unambiguous hierarchy of authority. Without it, a jostle among problems for preeminence will occur just as surely as there will be a jostle in consequence of an overissue of tickets for places second to none in importance. Organization for sound policy, therefore, embraces, beyond questions of structure and line of authority, all the techniques for bringing life to our purposes relevant to the vast external realm. Requisite is a scheme of values – authoritatively presented, generally understood and accepted, and then adhered to – by which to determine allocations of time, high talent and moral concern within a government – a scheme for putting first things first, which entails putting second things second and last things last. I do not mean a priority list – for that term implies fulfilling requirements high on the list before assigning resources to matters below. The question is one of allocation, not priorities. Nevertheless, when circumstances force conflict between purposes, the choice should favor the one higher on the list.

How many goals should be entertained? A hundred and one good purposes are imaginable. Six or seven are plenty for any foreign policy to bear. More would tend toward apoplexy. In arranging such a list one must distinguish between those things requiring to be realized every moment henceforward and those, however incontestably desirable, realizable only in a long contingent future. I do not mean to sort them into short-term and long-term goals. Both terms begin now, and the requirements now immediate will probably be before us indeterminately.

One other preliminary consideration requires assuming answers to two simple questions. Are the Communists really Talleyrands and Richelieus wont to relapse occasionally into Bolshevik manners or are they Bolsheviks trying to pass themselves off sometimes as Talleyrands and Richelieus? Is there a prospect of realizing within the calculable future a world community, reliable as a foundation for security, or is the prospect ahead that of a continuing and dangerously divided world, in which we shall have to distinguish among those standing with us, those against us, and the undetermined ones who merely wish the big problems would go away? The right answer, I submit, is clearly the second proposition in each case.

On this basis, then, we can derive our order of importance:

1. Political strength of the grand alliance and military underpinnings to sustain it.
2. Economic resourcefulness of the grand alliance – not only to maintain it as a going concern but also to enable it to serve the development of the emerging states.
3. Development of going concerns, wherever feasible, among emerging states manifesting some disposition toward free institutions.
4. Military defense of marginal areas.
5. Arms control and limitation – an intrinsically worthy purpose with a low prospect for progress in the calculable future, however one may regret the circumstances.
6. Fostering the development of world organization.
7. Projecting a favorable image of the US – something better attended to by giving prior concern to the things above.

That is not a list to end all issues: but without a clear picture of some such order, no organization can make much headway. Without goals authoritatively and clearly set out in order, foreign policy becomes a sort of hobby show, with everyone who counts putting his own pet purpose foremost. With a clear grasp of such an order, perhaps almost any scheme of organization can deliver. What gives ground for hope is that events themselves may force a clear ordering among purposes where volition has been reluctant.

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The Strange Case of Louis Aragon

by François Bondy

The author warns us that "this is not a historical novel." "Any similarity," he says, "can only be the effect of pure coincidence." Nonetheless, the publishers have added a useful list of "the principal historic characters appearing in *Holy Week*," in which the author recreates the famous week of March 20, 1815, when Napoleon, escaped from Elba, returned briefly to power. Napoleon himself does not appear once in the entire 541 pages of the novel. Instead, Aragon tells his story in the context of Louis XVIII's retreat toward Belgium with his household and troops, including the musketeer and painter Theodor Gericault. In creating Gericault, Aragon tells us that he had James Dean in mind, that youthful rebel without a cause for whose abundant energy his era offered no outlet. Although this was written only half seriously, it is surely worthy of mention to the American readers of *Holy Week*. There are numerous passages in which Aragon's own personality erupts into the book, in which he bursts through his own canvas, intervenes with his personal dreams, reminiscences, and reflections; and, in the very midst of a recreation of the past which is breathtaking in the precision of its detail and replete with nostalgic fascination, he affirms again and again that the future alone holds significance for him:

> "This book falsely, only apparently, turned toward the past, is only a great quest for the future on my part; perhaps it is only that last view of the world in which I merely need to burst my everyday clothes, the clothes of all my days."

Holy Week
by Louis Aragon
translated by Haakon Chevalier
(Putnam; $5.75)

To understand the book and its author, we must remember that Aragon was a member of the French Communist Party for 35 years; that he was elected a deputy and then a member of the Central Committee; that, as director of the weekly *Lettres Françaises*, he combined a campaign to seduce the younger "uncommitted" writers with a most aggressive and fanatical defense of the cult of Stalinism and the aesthetics of Zhdanov, to a degree unparalleled by any other known writer, justifying the most obviously monstrous political trials, insulting the victims of these proceedings, and slandering those who protested against them. (To cite only one of a hundred of his specific defamations: in 1945, he accused Denis de Rougemont, upon his return from the United States, of having been a Nazi and of having had his books published in France under the German Occupation.) Aragon's militant orthodoxy was of an extremist and truly provocative nature, like the anti-Semitism of Céline; and in the end he linked this cult of Stalinism with a vulgar chauvinism, insisting, at the close of the war, that no German should be permitted to own a painting by a French artist and, of course, clamoring for the annexation of the Rhineland by France. As to his alleged "Socialist Realism Movement": except for his own series of novels *Les Communistes*, and some unreadable books put out by a few party hacks like Daix or Stil, such a movement never existed in France. Nor may we link that projection of Zhdanovism in France with the prodigious surrealist movement of which the young Aragon was, in fact, both as a poet and as a writer of prose, one of the most significant protagonists.

The truth is that no work by Aragon (who, incidentally, has not used his first name as a writer for many years), least of all *Holy Week*, can be understood without understanding the influence of the surrealist movement on his prose and the role played by dreams and the magic of language. If, in the name of Zhdanovist doctrine, Aragon sought to prevent his juniors – and even French Communist painters! – from engaging, as he did, in free experimentation, we must interpret this as proof of a bottomless egotism which expresses itself through his addiction to monologue and an urge to dominate. For if, by some vast misfortune, France had at that time fallen under the power of the Communist Party which Aragon served in the role of leading intellectual inquisitor, there would have remained, towering over the dull mass of those elected to carry out literary orthodoxy, only one writer not yet enslaved by his media and who still retained stature; and that one would have been Aragon.

Before considering *Holy Week*, which is a great poet's novel, and a veritable resurrection of a writer who had, several times in the past, stooped to the worst type of proselytic writing and the most odious sort of polemical journalism, we must return anew to the man himself.

Who is Aragon? Unfortunately, the books about this writer which have appeared in France are badly done; they are over-zealous and immature, replete with a command-performance sort of admiration. They are unworthy of the poet. The man, however, deserves them, for he likes to be surrounded by a circle of sycophants whom he keeps on a close leash. Two recent books do not even mention the fact that Aragon was born Luis Andrieux, son of a government official whom he never knew at all and, on his mother's side, a son of the common people. Thus, he belonged to two French worlds, yet remained outside both of them. These books contain no precise allusion to his rhymed insults against "Moscow the Corrupter," written prior to his total alignment with

François Bondy *is the editor of the French magazine* Preuves.

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Soviet Communism. Between his love for his Russian wife (who had become a minor French writer) and his love for the USSR, that life might have seemed a lineal by-product were this loyalty to a State not accompanied by the need for a series of ruptures and reconciliations; and were it not for his incessant urge to challenge and indulge in excesses which betoken the most rampant individualism in the very name of a collective discipline.

The best portrait of Aragon as a person is that painted by the poet Pierre Emmanuel, in his reminiscences, *L'Ouvrier de l'onzième heure*. I cannot resist quoting a few passages, taken from the time of the Resistance:

> "And so it was that I succumbed to the charm of Aragon, a man assuredly endowed with the qualities needed for an idol, even to the terror-fascination which he exerted. He was handsome, legendary, the very epitome of courage. He was elegant, in a precise and almost austere fashion, somewhat in the manner of Saint-Just; and simple to so perfectly contrived a degree and with so rigorous an eye to effect that, in remaining true to oneself, one felt guilty of playing a false role. He possessed the art of being all intellect – in other words, of brain-picking the minds of those around him; he talked a great deal and with great brilliance, at a rapid pace, slashing the conversational ball back to himself at a bound without listening to his interlocutor except to seize upon the opportunity of a word, or to hurl himself into a rhetorical arabesque. All this, however, was merely to drag his prey back . . . to the passionate obsession which dominated him and made him tower above his own pride: a faith in Communism which admitted no other evidence than its own and which filled him with sudden inquisitorial rages whenever he felt that doubts were being cast upon it. On such occasions, he would clench his teeth and detach each word violently from his tongue, chopping it off with the guillotine of his freezing eloquence, the implacable force of which made his listeners feel as uneasy as though the scaffold were before their very eyes; for by this force, he was pursuing, not the traitor in the offing, but rather that secret Judas which each person fears that he carries in his bosom. . . .
>
> "Aragon does not know how – nor, in view of his own nature, can he know how – to halt at the very point where the influence he exerts attains its peak without doing violence to freedom. He wishes to love and be loved, to be sure; but he also wishes to cause others to serve; and since he does not so much persuade as seduce, never seeking to find out what the other person really believes (an indifference which is peculiar to the Communists, concerned as they are less with convincing their fellow men than with using them), he suddenly finds himself alone, surrounded by minds subordinated to his which he disciplines without inspiring; and deserted by those whom he might have inspired had he not sought to discipline them. . . ."

In thus evoking Aragon, the man, are we not to some extent "trying his case on the basis of his intentions"? How can biographical facts, an analysis of Aragon's character, really count for anything as compared with a novel which one need only read?

As a matter of fact, I wonder if the American reader can, from the outset, bring as sensitive an understanding to bear as the French reader in the matter of the seeking for self-justification, the agony, and the defiance which underlie this novel. For behind the date of 1815, one can read very clearly 1956, the date of the Hungarian Revolution – which Aragon dragged in the mud when it demoralized so many Communists in France and elsewhere.

Holy Week invokes the purity of youth; available, uncertain, open to everything, but already shaped by irremediable death and by mysterious history. Yet on another plane, there is a constant challenging of the notions of loyalty, treachery, of history as fatalism and as progress. Does the certainty of progress justify all means, and will it come to the rescue of any destiny which is willing to give itself entirely up to that progress? This is a novel which, at first glance, appears as simply channeled as a river which, though winding, still has a well-defined course; in reality, it is a highly complex and ambiguous book, even to the remarkable virtuosity of its language (I am not in a position to judge whether the translator has been able to convey this in the English version); and which is also a political novel worthy of a new chapter in Irving Howe's *Politics and the Novel*.

We find Theodor Gericault in a farm, asleep, and threatened by an assassin who is brandishing a knife. At this point, the author intervenes, substituting his own dream for that of Theodor:

> "So you see that I am the one who is dreaming, in the middle of the 20th Century, from disillusionment to disillusionment, this blood being shed is not. . . . Did Napoleon have to put republicans to death? This blood being shed, my comrades. And so many obvious things challenged again and again. Mistakes have been made, mistakes will be made again. Men will fly at one another's throats, strike their own people, their own flesh. Where is the place of the heart? Where is the place to stab? Because there is hate, but also shame. Ah, I am mixing everything up, but it is I who am dreaming, in the middle of this century, amid this divided people. . . ."

Did Stalin have to put the old Bolsheviks to death? Obviously Aragon is posing this question in this transposition. And at the beginning, when Marshall Ney, who vacillated between the emperor to the monarchy, and who rallies to Napoleon as he debarks, Aragon asks himself:

> "Treason? But when had Ney actually committed treason – yesterday or last year? There was such confusion in all things: a hero of yesterday was a traitor today. And those who changed camps – were they really traitors? Last year, it could have been because they were responsive to the people's will, to the thirst for peace. . . .
>
> "Was a man like Ney now choosing war? Was he different from all those who sneered when the red companies passed, from those former soldiers who fought duels over a word spoken amiss at Frascati's, from many a citizen who read *Le*

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Nain Jaune? There couldn't be all those traitors. At what rank did treason begin?"

Yes, "such confusion in all things. . . ." But Aragon was one of those who explained events in the Communist world and outside of it in the language of policemen, in terms of "treason." During the period when the center of the Communist universe was paranoiac, Aragon had identified himself with this center without the least reservation; even after the Twentieth Party Congress, he was obstinately determined to defend the indefensible, considering it a "point of honor" to stifle his conscience. Now, suddenly, comes confusion and crumbling. Before *Holy Week*, Aragon had published a book in verse form, *Roman Inachevé* ("Unfinished Novel"), in which he freely expressed the bitterness of an aging man:

"And so I have lost my life and my shoes,
I'm down in the mud, I'm counting my wounds,
For me the night will be endless."

only to take immediate refuge in arrogant defiance:

"I bear victory in the heart of my disaster . . .
And sunshine in my darkness. . . ."

And finally, in verses almost embarrassingly true:

"I drag in my wake too many defeats and mistakes. . . .
All the bitterness of the sea floods over me
And I must continually prove I don't know what,
So much the worse for those whom I crush and grind underfoot,
I must avenge myself on shame."

And, justifying himself immediately:

"Have I not, too, suffered, have I not wept too?"

This sense of disaster permeates all of *Holy Week* and this novel, which incessantly alludes to the supreme value of the future, nevertheless clings tenaciously to the past, to a past wherein the author seeks to find certainties which will diminish the significance of crimes and treacheries perpetrated. He retraces here, in an inverse direction from South to North, that retreat of June 1940 which actually moved from North to South, and which he has recreated in some of his most beautiful poems. Similarly, this historical novel also contains a political novel, traced backward into history. He says this quite clearly:

"Perhaps I have picked up this strange old damask of history, assisted by doubts and certainties, following the crisscross threads of the fabric, the complex tapestry of men and colors; perhaps I have flung myself into the crowd of a vanished time in order to break away from that simplified, linear vision of the world in which I am completing a trajectory, to seek in the dust the multiple seeds of what I am, of what we are, and especially of what will spring from us, against us, above us, beyond us, that springtime of cemeteries which we call the future."

If there is in this novel a sense of the urgent present, its inner need, its moral drama, there is also a forced actuality resulting from the effort to link the past and the present "scientifically." It is precisely here that the most embarrassing anachronisms crop up. The time is 1815, yet there is that "soviet" of peasants, of workers, and of lawyers; there is that enthusiasm of the Duc de Richelieu for the mines of Anzin, a future industrial empire; and too many introductions of unduly clairvoyant witnesses, harbingers of the present set in a framework of the past. Then, too, there is the subtle and artistic by-play between the author and Gericault, whom Aragon has clothed (appropriate color!) in the red of the musketeers.

This novel can be read in two ways. One is simply to follow the thread of the plot, to admire its very coherent composition, the effects of contrasts and hidden similarities. The other is to cull out certain choice parts as the future pages of an anthology. This is a matter of personal taste. The novelette within the novel – the part which comprises the recital of Marshall Berthier's death – should be included in any "selection" from Aragon's work. Here we are shown Berthier, in love with Giulietta Visconti, who is far away from him. Then, after learning of the suicide of the Marshall who, in Bambero, throws himself out of the child's window, we are taken back to the Berthier of March 1815, scolding his barber who has come to shave him. This whole episode contains both the hallucination of a dream; the sorrow of old age, and of defeat; and the sense of a destiny both pitiful and yet not without nobleness. These are unforgettable pages. Among the most beautiful descriptions is, to my mind, that of Beauvais as it once was and as it is:

"For since the last war swept through it, nothing, or virtually nothing, remains today of this town, of what lent it its charm and its beauty. You must shut your eyes on these structures hastily thrown up in rows, on these modern shanties, on the empty lots, the open mesh of a town plan marked here and there by temporary buildings, streets indicated by surveyors' tapes, the whole past destroyed, centuries of human deposits, traces of thought and customs, the setting of vanished lives. Nothing remains of that long moment in France's life – neither the gabled houses, nor the overlapping roofs; and the great tapestry factory, now no more, will never again

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weave in wool and silk the pastorals and landscapes in which the skill of diligent fingers was enhanced by the special quality of sweetness – *douceur* – of the Beauvais region, the sweetness of the vines that carpet the basin in which the town slept indolently among the mists, the Marissel cherry trees, the fields streaked by flights of birds. Nor does anything remain of the Savignies china and the Voisinlieu earthenware, of those humble Picard treasures – cupboards, chests, headdresses, terracottas, naïve paintings. What has become of the old sign of the grocer-and-mustard dealer? Where is the sword the executioner once wielded? Nothing remains of the dreams of yore. The books accumulated by generations have been burned. It is like a family that no longer knows where it comes from, camping in its own ruins; and no one remembers that this still standing flight of stairs led up to an attic where children used to play; and the wrecker's pick scatters nondescript stones which once were the street corner where lovers used to meet."

Holy Week can, of course, be read as the publisher presents it to us, with all its pageantry, its color, and its recreating of a page of history; but one can also read it for what there may be "behind" the story; and besides this, one can simply stroll through it at random. However we read this work we are forced to discover that this great inquisitor, who applauded when tortured innocents confessed to impossible crimes; who has been an apologist for so much crime, is also one of the great poets of our century. In *Holy Week*, the work of a sexagenarian, we again find Aragon in the fullness of his art.

"PERHAPS THE MOST PUZZLING *phenomenon of our puzzling age is the spectacle of American Liberalism, an entrenched and listless orthodoxy, pluming itself as 'dissent.' The Liberal is loath to abandon his cherished role as the Outsider. Never mind that he has thickened around the hams, and dozed off in a rocking chair by the White House chimney. In his imagination, he will forever play the rakehell of his antic youth, forever the heretic and breaker of idols.*"

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THEATER

The Ambiguous Lure of the Bitch Goddess

The Apple
by Jack Gelber
(The Living Theater)

Though I have not relinquished my admiration for Jack Gelber's theatrical instincts, *The Apple* was, for me, a melancholy experience. I say this with regret, since the play needs to be defended against those who are now so glibly patronizing it: it undoubtedly took a good deal of courage to write, and, in the expert hands of the Living Theater, it shows a real flair and inventiveness. Doggedly pursuing fresh experimentation, Gelber has supplemented the Pirandellian techniques he used in *The Connection* with the anti-conceptual methods of Absurdist theater – substituting surrealist theatrical images for logical action, improvising actors for psychological characters, and a mood of unrelenting irony for the usual narcotized euphoria of our commercial stage. By any comparative measure, *The Apple* is daring and original enough to be treated with respect when put beside such cheap pretentious claptrap as *Gideon* or *Daughter of Silence*. But by absolute standards, the play is an artistic failure, for it is less an organized dramatic work than a naked gesture of defiance.

The trouble is that *The Apple* is too faithful an embodiment of Absurdist principles. In an effective work of this genre, the author communicates some concept in spite of himself, transcending his urge to disintegrate by evoking the mystery of existence in images of beauty and power; but Gelber has steadfastly refused to deal with the stuff of life at all. Instead, he chooses to indulge his own attitudes of scorn, mockery, and condescension, baiting the audience with self-conscious and rather clumsy weapons. Audience-baiting was a characteristic of *The Connection*, too, where Gelber broke down the fourth wall in order to confront the spectator with the metaphysical truth behind his social-psychological cliché; but the play was there to justify the attitude. In *The Apple*, Gelber has become so contemptuous of clichés that he has not even bothered to provide his justification. Only his derisive attitude remains, bare and explicit. The audience is now the main focus of attention, and the stage events seem engineered primarily to work upon your nerves.

To implement this assault, Gelber has collapsed the three remaining walls of the theater. In the abstract design of Julian Beck, the entire auditorium is now a stage – or rather, a coffee house. On this extensive area, actors serve fortune cookies, paint and auction Action canvasses, and glare the audience down, while improvising sketches out of vaudeville, the Keystone Kops, and Grade C movies. When they aren't twitting the spectator ("Be careful of the one sitting next to you – he has murder in his heart!"), the actors, using their own names, impersonate a Negro counterman, a Chinese waitress, a Jewish con-man, a one-eyed homosexual, an amiable hooker, and a spastic, the last of whom serves as butt for most of the jokes and (along with a flexible mannequin with detachable limbs) as a prop for the improvisations. These are soon joined by a vicious, drunken heckler from the audience, groping a whiskey bottle and spitting hoarse insults at the various "torture freaks" on stage. Chosen as the scapegoat of the evening, he drops dead of a heart attack when he confronts the spastic; and backs off in a green light, moving his lips in unison with an eerie voice from a loudspeaker and flourishing his identity papers as vain proof that he is still alive.

In the next act, he is resurrected to participate in the improvised scenes. These have included, *inter alia:* a hassle in a Dentist's office where the spastic, drilled to the accompaniment of "Flight of the Bumble Bee," and inoculated in the mouth with a huge spike, bites off the Dentist's finger; an argument over a suburban breakfast table, mainly concerned with taking out the dog; and a series of jungle epi-

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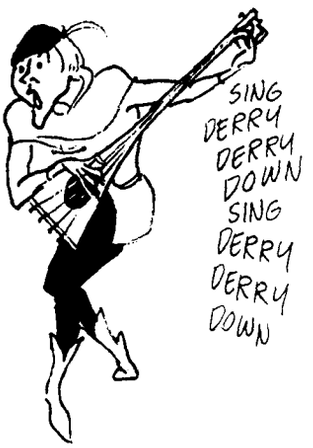
JULES FEIFFER

ONCE THERE WAS A BRIGHT CHILD NAMED VIRGINIA WHO ASKED HER MOTHER AND FATHER - "**IS** THERE A SANTA CLAUS, O MOTHER, O FATHER?" AND HER MOTHER AND FATHER REPLIED - "YES, VIRGINIA, THERE **IS** A SANTA CLAUS."

BUT VIRGINIA WAS NOT CONVINCED. SO SHE WROTE TO A NEWSPAPER - "**IS** THERE A SANTA CLAUS, O NEWSPAPER?" AND THE NEWSPAPER REPLIED "YES, VIRGINIA, THERE **IS** A SANTA CLAUS."

BUT VIRGINIA WAS **STILL** NOT CONVINCED. SO SHE WROTE TO SANTA CLAUS - "IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS, O SANTA CLAUS?"

AND SANTA CLAUS REPLIED - "DO **ANY** OF US **TRULY** EXIST?"



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AND HE SENT HER A BOOK ON METAPHYSICS INSTEAD OF THE DOLL HOUSE SHE **REALLY** WANTED.

MORAL: A TRULY BRIGHT CHILD DOESN'T ASK QUESTIONS.

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sodes – during which the heckler is tortured by actors in insect and animal masks – concluding when a copulating couple, stuck together, are rolled on stage in a wheelbarrow. After the heckler has been identified as an extra in old silent films, he unaccountably goes mad, running down the aisle, looking for Abe Lincoln, and shouting *sic semper tyrannis*. The spastic – revealing that despite a convincing imitation of muscular dystrophic agony, he is really an actor too – carts the heckler off to hospital. And the others disperse, leaving the Negro to reflect on the significance of the apple (it means something different to everyone) and to dismiss the audience, which is enjoined not to return "without wanting something."

Gelber has said that his play is about death and madness. But unless the heckler is supposed to represent the audience – which I am loath to believe – these words are too abstract to describe such a particularized experience. It is more like an exercise in pure Dada, and like all such efforts must be judged by rather arbitrary standards. As a practical joke – which is to say, on its own terms – the play certainly has its successful moments. Some of the scenes, while always rather cruel and sick, are grimly funny; and under Judith Malina's imaginative direction, most of the company (especially James Earl Jones, Marilyn Chris, Henry Proach, John A. Coe, and Fred Miller) are contributing audacious performances in a mode of high theatricality.

But I am reluctant to accept its own terms, for they seem to me peculiarly artless and sterile. One must admire Gelber's uncompromising hostility to convention, artifice, and cliché, but we have a right to demand that he display his own credentials when attacking them. In *The Connection*, Gelber assaulted the enemy camp from an impregnable position; in *The Apple*, his defenses are weak. For in rejecting the traditional theater, he has not provided an acceptable alternative; in ridiculing the audience's pallid reality, he has not worked through to a reality which is deeper and more true. I suspect that Gelber has fallen into the dilemma which confronts every serious writer in commercial America. For in this land of rapidly exploited reputations, the bitch goddess, Success, is such a powerful presence that even when you hate her, you have unwittingly defined yourself in relation to her uncreative values. While most of our dramatists are scrambling to kiss her feet, Gelber is apparently trying everything to avoid her amorous clutches. But just as their effort to embrace Success has pushed Chayefsky and Williams too far in, Gelber's effort to repel her has pulled him too far out. Can she simply be ignored in favor of that delicate, half-starved lady who used to be the true inspiration for art before the artist became just another bartered commodity? Almost the whole American experience says no; but Fitzgerald and O'Neill ultimately did it; and for the final answer in Gelber's case, we must await his future work. ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

Hollywood and the Negro

Sirs:

"Hollywood and the Negro" (December 11) clearly missed the point of the NAACP's concern for the increased use of Negro actors in films and TV. That objective has not primarily to do with getting jobs for Negro actors, but for eliminating the distorted and unfair public image of Negroes in America. To wit: the NAACP did not ask for more *Porgy and Bess* films with high Negro actor job availability although distorted Negro characterization, but it requested the film and TV industry to recognize that Negroes walk down Fifth Avenue in Brooks Brothers suits, that they go into drugstores for aspirin, and that they are involved in many other aspects of "the business on stage." *Howard K. Walker*
Boston University

The piece on Hollywood and the Negro (December 11) raises questions. To be sure, special pleaders like the NAACP officer E. D. Warren go overboard and irritate the fair-minded. But without

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some militancy and intransigence on one side or the other, the status quo always manages to prevail. And the status quo ignores the present improved position of the Negro – or more significantly – ignores his improved capability. Exactly 20 years ago today a number of Hollywood writers were urging that Negroes be shown in films for what they were – war heroes – instead of bell-boys and housemaids. Most of these writers were eliminated from the motion picture industry by the purges of the fifties. The great blessing is that the climate at last permits the Negro to swing the stick on his own behalf. *Jackson Stanley*
Malibu, Calif.

The Committee's Victims

Sirs:
Gerald Johnson's central point in "Why Are You Here, Henry?" (October 23) is one with which I and many others profoundly agree: that political privacy, now under attack by the Un-American Activities Committee and its counterparts, is essential to democracy, and people who believe in freedom must be willing to go to jail to defend it. But Mr. Johnson bases his discussion on a distortion.

He says: "What is needed is the case of a man who was not a Communist, but who served a term in jail for refusing to say so to the Un-American Activities Committee. . . . When some man goes to jail for refusing to tell the Un-American Activities Committee that he is *not* a Communist, the issue will be joined; but that has not yet occurred. . . ."

How does Mr. Johnson know that this has not yet occurred? In the last few years over 40 Americans have been cited for contempt for asserting the First Amendment in refusing to answer questions of the Un-American Activities Committee or Senator Eastland's committee or their state counterparts. Does he know that several of these persons have already served jail terms and that two of them (my husband, Carl Braden, and Frank Wilkinson) are in jail now, and that 35 more still face the very likely possibility of jail? Or is he assuming because all these people refused to cooperate with the Un-American Activities Committee's intrusions into their "political privacy" that they *are* Communists?
Anne Braden
Louisville, Ky.

Freedom in the Ancient World

Sirs:
Although I am mystified by Asher Brynes' review of my *Freedom in the Ancient World* (November 27), I am a little alarmed by the impression that I think he gives of it. According to him, I maintain that economic individualism was the key to the achievement of the Greeks and their great importance in the history of freedom. I thought I had made it clear that this was only one of the factors in their achievement, and not to my mind the most important. Perhaps my presentation was muddled or obscure; but at least I wish it to be known that my intention was not that he seems to attribute to me. *Herbert J. Muller*
Indiana University

The Educated Soldier

Sirs:
As I was just released from active duty as a member of the United States Army Reserve at Fort Dix, New Jersey, I can't help commenting on Capt. J. V. Noel's biased letter ("The Educated Soldier," December 11). If the Captain really believes that the Services "are using all possible means to indoctrinate" the servicemen in what we are fighting for, let him *attend* a lecture instead of talking with his fellow officers. The truth is that there hasn't been one lecture in six months on democracy at Dix, but instead a series of tepid talks, given by apathetic and annoyed lecturers dealing with the Communist system. Some of the films shown have been well documented, but the men sleep during their showing mostly because of the uninspired and languishing speeches beforehand. A sense of patriotism and willingness to die, if necessary, for the country is part of an elementary education and cannot be instilled by the Services regardless of the quality of the speaker and emotional fervor that the talk may reach. *Arthur Barry Dobrin*
Woodhaven, L. I.

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